Standard

KU KLUX KALEIDOSCOPE.

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J. B. Whitaker, Jr.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Goldsboro' News

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GOLDSBOROUGH, N. C.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL kinds of JOB WORK usually done in country offices, such as

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GIVE US A TRIAL, AND WE WILL convince you that

PRINTER'S INK PAYS!

The Printer will be of use to you if you will use him rightly.

THE UGLY FAMILY.

In one of the lower districts of the Palmetto State, there once lived a family of six or seven persons, who were known far and wide as the "Ugly Family." One of them, Jake, was so 'onspeakably' hard-favored, that it made one feel as if he had bitten a green persimmon to look at him, and when he walked through the streets, the dogs slung their tails and sneaked off, too scared to bark.

The fame of this family spread through the country, and at last reached the ears of a Georgian, who for a long time had held undisputed possession of the celebrated penknife. This individual at length determined to pay a visit to the ugly family, and endeavor to dispose of the said knife; so one morning he crossed the Savannah. About noon, he saw a wagon ahead, and rode up to inquire the whereabouts of 'the family.'

'Hello, stranger!' said he to a man walking by the side of the wagon.

'Hello, yourself!' exclaimed the wagoner, turning round, and disclosing a countenance so tremendously plain that the Georgian almost dropped from his horse.

'I say,' said he, recovering a little from his astonishment, 'are you not 'Ugly Jake' himself?'

The wagoner shook his head, and 'grinned a ghastly smile,' that made him look like the nightmare personified.

'I'll bet you ten dollars that *you* are the ugliest man in the State,' said the Georgian.

'Done!' said the wagoner, 'come here.' And, going to the back of the wagon, he called out, 'Wake up Jake, and put your head out here.'

The Georgian, burning with curiosity, leaned forward, as the cover was raised slowly up. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a physiognomy so awfully, boundlessly, overpoweringly ugly, that it seemed to be formed out of the double extract of delirium tremens.

The horse snorted, and starting back in fright threw his rider over his head, but the latter had scarcely touched the ground before he was mounted again. Throwing down the ten dollars and his penknife, without saying a work, he 'struck a bee line' for the Savannah, looking alternately over each shoulder, as long as the wagon remained in sight.

A darkey in Natchez, Miss., was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he had bought at a rival store. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The darkey assented, and it was found two pounds short. The colored gent looked perplexed for a moment, and then said, "Guess he didn't cheat dis chile much, for while he was gettin de sugar, I stole two pair of shoes."

THE wrath of soldiers is greatest, we imagine, when it is in tents.

A TOUCHING BALLAD.

I saw him in the lonely room,
A pacing to and fro;
His step was hurried and he paused,
From time to time in woe.

His face was buried in his hands,
The tears fell thick and fast;
'Oh! from these tortured eyes,' cried he,
'Has peace forever passed?'

I shared his pain, the poignant words
Seemed bleeding from his heart;
And so I tried with sympathy
Some solace to impart.

But he exclaimed, 'Oh! ne'er like me,
May you feel want or know ill!
I've washed my face with yallow soap,
And cannot find the towel!'

GOOD JOKE.—Recently a chap from the back country called into the telegraph office at Mamaroneck and requested the operator to send to Jersey city for a "yaller dog" which he wanted to sell right off. He inquired how soon the animal would be there! The operator, somewhat of a wag replied, in two hours, call again. Meantime a small yellow cur was procured and tied to the wire inside of the office and at the appointed time country called and asked if his dog had come. I will look and see replied the operator, so stepping into the office closely followed by the fellow, he stepped up to the machine, hit the dog a kick, "ki, hi! ki, hi!" yelled the dog.—The man took the dog, remarking that "telegrafts" were wonderful things. He also observed that the dog was smaller and darker than he used to be, all of which was satisfactorily explained by showing him that the great speed in transportation had reduced the size of the animal while the chemicals used served to darken the color, so the fellow went on his way rejoicing.

HALF PEAS.—There was a knot of sea-captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain ——, of Salem, came in and seeing the pepper took up a handful of it.

"What did you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper, "it's half peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper, "there isn't a pea in it.

Taking up a handful as he spoke he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful, "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, "spell that," pointing to the word "P-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side of the barrel.—"If it isn't half p's then I'm no judge that's all." The bet was paid.

Rhyming Grammar,

(CONTINUED)

CORDIALLY DEDICATED to THE READERS OF THE KU KLUX KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY A LOVER OF STUDIOUS BOYS.

The Mood Subjunctive, as 'tis call'd,
Must, in our rhyme, be now o'erhaul'd;
For which, we think, 'twould better suit,
Conditional, to substitute.
Thus, "*If the sky fall* we'll catch larks,"
Which clearly a Condition marks,
Depending upon which the act
Is to be an accomplish'd fact.
To this Mood, like the Indicative,
Grammarians Six Tenses give.
To express possibility.
Pow'r, duty, will, or liberty,
We use what's call'd Potential Mood,
As, *I can write*, You *must be good*.—
It has four Tenses, all compound,
And which by certain signs are found,
Thus—*may, can, must, might, could, would, should*,
Are *signs* of the Potential Mood.
Th' Infinitive has got *two* Tenses,
And frequently with *to* commences,
But what Imperative we call,
In English has no place at all.
So now of Moods, we've reckon'd Four,
And hold it wrong to grant you more.
"*Let there be light.*" "*Let us make man.*"
Of whom did God make this demand?
But "I ordain *to let* light be,"
Here an Infinitive we see,
Nor sense can with it disagree.
And, now, to recapitulate,
Learn, with great ease to conjugate;
Two have Six Tenses, one has Four
And one has Two, and nothing more.
Adverbs come next; if you would know them,
The simplest way I know to show them,
Is—In *one word* we lay before
The mind what would require more:
They express *manner, time, negation, Peace, quantity*, and *affirmation*,
And likewise also *exclamation, Connexion*, and the like; or see—
And sense will tell you easily,
What answers *how much, how, when, where*,—
The answers to these *adverbs* are.
(Adverbs connect, then why we make
Conjunctions the same office take.
Is more than *I* can comprehend,
And simply ask, can *you*, my friend?

"Shall I help you to some of the tomatusses?" inquired a young exquisite of a venerable physician as he sat opposite to him at one of our hotel tables. "No, sir, I thank you," replied the learned savant, "but I will trouble you for some of the potatusses, if you please."

AFTER rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably sick, it is irritating to have a steward open the door in the morning, and ask if you will have a fresh *roll* for breakfast.

JOSH BILLINGS says. "Thare aint ennything nu under the sun" The old feller in Connekticut who carried the same jack-knife for 43 years, and wore out 9 nu handles, and 12 setts ov blades, sez so.

The Kaleidoscope.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1869.

Special Newspaper Advertising and General Collecion Agency for N. C.

WM. A. HEARNE & CO.,

Publishers and Special Agents for the N. C. Press, and General Agents for the, Collection of Claims of every description throughout the State.

Office, Granger's Hotel
Goldsboro', N. C.,
Are authorized Agents for the
KU KLUX KALEIDOSCOPE.

☞ The Cross (X) Mark informs our readers that the time for which they have subscribed has expired, and respectfully requests them to renew.

SOMETHING NEW.

The *Messenger*, in its Directory, makes the new and startling announcement that our County has now, in addition to the number of officers to other counties granted by law, a Mayor, two Policemen, and all the officers who have, heretofore, been chosen to govern the affairs pertaining to our town.

Such an announcement is sufficient to astound our citizens, and the question very naturally arises, by whom, when and how were these new offices created? To this inquiry we acknowledge our inability to give a satisfactory reply, and can only refer our readers to the *Messenger* man for the desired information; for if the announcement be true, and of course no one will dare question the veracity of its author, we are completely in the dark—being totally ignorant of the manner in which this wondrous change in our official matters was brought about.

We are inclined to think, however, that a mistake has been perpetrated, and that Bonitz is in error; and, possessing as we do a great amount of Charity, and ever feeling disposed to deal gently with the erring, we will inflict no chastisement upon our neighbor of the *Messenger* for thus putting this report into circulation, but would admonish him to correct the error and never do the like again; and, for the sake of humanity, to never again call into requisition his noted "Castilian Fount."

☞ A revival is now in progress at the Baptist Church, in our town, and much interest is already being manifested. The Methodists have discontinued their meetings.

An editor in Vermont, received the other day a present, which he informs us, "was not a piano, but it could yell." What was it?

A Missourian informed a traveller, who inquired about his corn, that each stalk had nine ears on it and was fifteen feet high. "That's nothing to our corn," replied the traveller. "Up in Illinois, where I came from, we always had nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel; but we could never raise any field beans with it." "Why?" "Because the corn grew so fast that it always pulled the beans up."

A subscriber in stopping his paper wrote: "I think folks dount ort spend there munny on papers; mi father never did, and evarybody sed he was the smartest man in the countree, and has got the intellygentest family of boys that ever dug a tater.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE INSULTED.

A few days ago a recently married couple from the country—not Quindaro—spent a portion of that romantic season denominated the "honeymoon," in our burg, and, of course, put up and enjoyed the hospitalities of the Garno House. During dinner, the young lady was observed to turn red and pale by turns, but this was laid to her new position as wife. But Scroggs, who has a sharp ear, heard her ask her husband:

"Is my face dirty?"

"Dirty! No, why do you ask?"

"Because that insulting waiter insists on putting a towel beside my plate. "I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another before me."

Although the "flush times" have passed away on the Mississippi, they still have some queer and sometimes rough customers on the river boats.—On a recent trip of the High-flyer, crowded with passengers, the clerk had allotted the last stateroom, and was about to close his office, when he was astonished by the apparition of a tall Missourian, who exclaimed, "I say, stranger, I want one of them chambers." "Sorry, sir," said the official, bladly, "but our staterooms are all taken." "The d—l they are," responded Missouri; "I've paid my fare 'n I want one of them chambers." "Allow me to see you ticket," said the still polite clerk. Putting his hand to the back of his neck, the passenger pulled out a ten-inch bowie knife, and, driving it quivering into the counter, said, "I'm from Pike county, young feller, and thar's my ticket. I want one of them chambers." Before the steel had ceased to vibrate, the prompt clerk quietly thrust a loaded and capped six-shooter under Pike's nose, and coolly answered, "I've only got six 'chambers,' and you see *they are all full.*" The Missourian edged out of "range," and putting up his "toothpick," ejaculated, "A full hand's good by—!" and strode off to seek such quarters as he could find.

A GOOD ONE.

A young blood residing not a half-dozen miles from this place, was the victim of rather a good joke one Sunday night recently. He was trying to be particularly "sweet on a young lady, and had paid her a number of visits at the residence of her parents. The old folks had somehow got an idea into their heads that the children were most too young to "keep company," and conveyed the desired hint by calling the girl out of the room and sending her to bed at nine o'clock, the lady of the house then astonished the young gent by bringing into the parlor a huge piece of bread and butter, nicely spread with sugar, which she presented to him, saying in her kindest manner, "There, Bubby, take this and run home to your mother; it's time little boys were in bed."—The would-be gay young beau hasn't felt as though he wanted any more sweetness from that source since.

A man once went to an eccentric lawyer to be qualified for some petty office. The lawyer said to him:—"Hold up your hand! I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

MATRIMONIAL.

Married people will please read as written, single ones can read the 1st line, then the 3rd, and then the 2nd, and finally the 4th in each verse:

That man must lead a happy life,
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate—
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man I say,
Who changes from his singleness;
Who will not yield to 'woman' sway,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

STAMPING A DEED.

Blinker, a farmer of means, who does not take the paper, or read law, but who thinks his wisdom boundless sold a pasture for three hundred dollars. The purchaser having counted out the money, and looking at the deed said:

"Mr. Blinker, you must put a fifty cent stamp on this deed, to make it lawful."

"What! stamp a deed; it's folly; there is no such law," said Blinker, on his dignity.

His friend explained, but failed to make Blinker see it, and was obliged to say:

"Well, if you do not stamp the deed, I shall not pay the money."

"If you are so darned particular," said Blinker, "I suppose I can stamp it fifty cent's worth, but I hate to spoil the 'Squire's writing."

The deed was handed him; he fell with his coat, stepped back into the room, laid the deed on the floor, and commenced stamping it with his foot. The purchaser, the 'Squire and witness, turned all colors, and finally laughed hysterically. Catching his breath, one said:

"What are you doing, Blinker—are you crazy?"

"Doing? why I am stamping this darned deed fifty cent's worth, and I calculate 'twill take me five hours, reckoning time at ten cents an hour."

READY WIT.—The Rev. Rowland Hill used to ride to and from church in a carriage. This gave offence to one of his members at least, who went so far as to hand in among the notices, one requesting "the prayer of the congregation for the pastor, who, yielding to pride, is in the habit of riding in his carriage, not content, like his Divine Master, to ride upon an ass." It was no until Mr. Hill had read the paper, and observed the sensation created, that he noticed its import; and then laying it down he said: "It is true, brethren, I ride in my carriage; but if the author of this notice will appear at the door at the conclusion of the services, saddled and bridled, I will do my best to ride him home."

DON'T carry your handkerchief in your breast pocket. If you do—you take a wiper to your bosom.

THE RIDDLER.

1.

A MONOSYLLABLE I am, and a reptile I vow;
But cut me in twain, I form syllables two.
I'm English, I'm Latin, the one and the other;
And what's Latin for one half is English for t'other.

2.

If you transpose what ladies wear,
T'will plainly show what bad men are;
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew's name:
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do.

3.

THE calf, the goose, the bee—
The world is ruled by these three.

4.

BLACK within, and red without,
Four corners round about.

5.

WHAT is it that women usually work on, and men at; the woman for amusement, the man for interest; the woman's often a flowery way, the man's as often a thorny one?

6.

NO one likes to be me; most like to hold me; yet, till they give me up, they cannot get what they want. If plural, they may hold me if I cannot get out.

7.

A word of six letters, the name of a nation.

A gentleman passing along through the street saw a 4, 5, 6 beating a 4, 5, 3, 2 which he was driving. Said he, "Why do you beat the poor creature in this 4, 5, 6, 6, 2, 3? It is 4, 2, 5, 6 to play the tyrant upon a brute that cannot return a blow." "Do you think, sir," said the driver, angrily, "that you are to be my 4, 5, 6, 5, 1, 2, 3? This animal is mine." The stranger, being a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, had the man arrested at once. Then he went to the 4, 5, 3, 2, stroked her 4, 5, 6, 2, led her to a 4, 5, 6, 1, 2, 3, and gave her as many oats as she could eat.

8.

A spicy product of Sumatra.
A river in Spain.
A country in Europe.
A State of Central America.
A ship's boat.
My *initials* give a piece of money. My *finals* form a word describing the persons and property of kings. Taken together, *initials* and *finals* name an odorous plant.

Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

1.—Osro-ne-co.
2.—Hem-lock.
3.—Cy-press.
4.—Cent-ri-petal.
5.—Heroine, hers, her, he.
6.—Declaration of Independence.
7.—ALERT
LATER
ETTIE
REIGN
TRENT
8.—Mist.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is the book of nature studied? When autumn turns the leaves and they are red.

Where did Joseph go when he was fifteen? On to sixteen.

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition? He offers a horn to every one he meets.

When was Ruth very rude to Boaz? When she pulled his ears, and trod on his corn.

Why is a dilapidated shoe like ancient Greece? It once had a Solen.

LOCAL.

☞ We are requested to announce that a meeting of the congregation of St. Stephen's Church will be held, at the Church, this (Saturday) evening, at 5 o'clock, A full attendance is earnestly requested, as business of great importance will be transacted.

☞ The first Grand Drawing by the N. C. Real and Personal Estate Agen[redacted]ke place on Saturday

[redacted] We are in receipt of a story entitled "Short Long's Hunting Expedition," accompanied by no other name than the very attractive one which serves as a caption for this article. We do not find Mr. E. Pluribus Unum's name on our list of acquaintances, and unless he furnishes *us* (not the public) with his real cognomen, as an evidence of good faith, we cannot publish his "Short Long" story. Nuff ced.

ANOTHER MURDER IN JONES COUNTY.—M. J. Shepard, Colonel of the Jones County Militia, was murdered on the morning of the 16th instant.—The Ku Klux of that County are charged with the commitment of this unlawful and barbarous crime.

☞ We direct special attention of our readers to new advertisements of Dr. Lawrence's "Koskoo," and "Woman's Friend," in our to-day's issue.

On Saturday next a meeting will be held in Weldon for the purpose of taking initiatory steps towards the organization of an agricultural fair society.

☞ See advertisement of Shorthand Writing.

GOING NORTH.—We learn that Mr. Jno. H. Powell, of the firm of Powell & Co., will leave for the Northern cities to-day, for the purpose of purchasing Fall and Winter stock of goods. Mr. Henry Weil, of the firm of H. Weil & Bros., will also leave for the North in a few days to make purchases.

Our druggists are getting liberal. Buy seventy-five cents worth of any liquid, and they give you a viol in.

The man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's smiles has fallen back on sugar. Nothing like first principles after all.

A lazy club has been organized in Gallatin. The initiation fee is free, and the very laziest men are its officers, who have been duly elected and installed in office. The club has no regular place of meeting, as their by-laws prohibit its members from making any exertions to attend to any kind of business promptly. If they meet at all it is by accident, on the street corners.

Among the curiosities lately placed in a museum is a mosquitoe's bladder containing the souls of twenty-four government contractors, and fortunes of nearly twelve editors. It is nearly half full.

WANTED.—A new mattress for the bed of North River.

CATS.

The local of the Cleveland Herald discussing feline serenaders, says:

"A male cat sees an acquaintance in the next yard, and asks permission to come over in something like the following: 'Masriserm-a-y I-c-o-m-e-v-e-r to y-o-usr h-o-u-s-e.' The request and the answer are pitched in a high key, we noticed it don't make a bit of difference whether permission is accorded or not. Thomas walks right over. The two then perch themselves on a fence, always taking the greatest care to get under a bedroom window, and there discuss the topics of the day. As their conversation goes on they become excited, and each advances his or her opidions in emphatic language. The discussion is sure to interest all the cats in the neighborhood, and they make straightway to the rendevous."

KOSKOO, the *great Liver Invigorator, Blood Purifier, and Renovator*, prepared by Dr. J. J. Lawrence, the celebrated Physician and Chemist, is a SAFE, PLEASANT, and RELIABLE remedy, for the PREVENTION and CURE of all diseases caused by a TORPID LIVER, IMPURE BLOOD, DISORDERS of the KIDNEYS, or DEBILITY of the NERVOUS SYSTEM.

It REGULATES the secretions, ERADICATES all HUMORS or TAINTS, restores lost or wasted nervous power, and at the same time *builds up and imparts tone and vigor to the whole system.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHORT HAND WRITING

TAUGHT IN TEN EASY LESSONS, send one dollar for the entire course, or enclose twenty-five cents for the first lesson. In one month you may be a good shorthand writer. Address,

SHORTHAND, P O Box 672,
21 New York.

Papers inserting this advertisement, and sending a marked copy, will receive a copy of the work in payment.

N. C. Map and Gazateer.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING PURchased the entire Copy Right plates &c., of the above Works and desirous to expedite their sale through the entire State, at an early day, offers to live, active, business young men a good chance to make money. I offer three fourths of the map, in shares of five or ten Counties each.—This new map will be about five feet by four; illustrated Border, Handsomely Engraved, Counties, Railroads, Postoffices, Mines, Mountains, &c. &c. A Map worthy to be hung up in every house, office, and school in the State.

Specimen copies ready about the 1st September, 1869.

Terms accommodating, address, with 2 stamps, Rev. SAM'L PEARCE,
Aug. 7, 3m. Wilmington, N. C.

EDUCATION.

THE FALL SESSION OF MRS. J. B. Whitaker's School, will commence on the 2d of August.

Terms, $10 00 per session of 20 weeks.
Music, $20.00 per session. Fuel, $1.50.
Pupils received at any time, and charged from date of entrance.
No deduction made for lost time except in cases of protracted sickness.
Public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Goldsboro', July 7, 1869.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ARE you sick, nervous or debilitated? Are you suffering from any form of SCROFULA, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY DISEASE, or NERVOUS PROSTRATION, &c.? If so, you can be RESTORED to HEALTH and VIGOR by using DR. LAWRENCE'S *celebrated* "KOSKOO." It CURES the most *inveterate* forms of Chronic Diseases *when all other remedies fail!* It is NOT a *secret quack medicine*; the FORMULA *is around each bottle*, and it is a STANDARD remedy of *recognized merit.*—Prescribed by the best physicians, and recommended by many thousands of our best citizens. Prepared only by J. J. Lawrence, M. D., office and Laboratory, Iron Front Building corner Market and Main streets, NORFOLK, VA. For sale by all respectable druggists in United States and the British Provinces. For testimonials of CURES ☞ see "KOSKOO" Almanac for this year.

THOUSANDS of our American ladies suffer and die every year from diseases peculiar to their sex—in fact this form of disease is the *scourge* of American females. Very many of them go on from year to year without help and without hope, because they know of no remedy. But, fortunately, *there is* a SAFE and RELIABLE remedy, by the aid of which *hundreds have been* RESTORED to PERFECT HEALTH. This great remedy is DR. LAWRENCE'S *celebrated* "WOMAN'S FRIEND." Its great merit is recognized by the best physicians, and from its nature and usefulness is becoming popular in every part of the country.

ON ACCOUNT of the great number of wonderful CURES of *obstinate* and *inveterate* cases of SCROFULA, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER DISEASE, KIDNEY AFFECTIONS, GENERAL BAD HEALTH, &c. made by the *celebrated* "KOSKOO" it has won the *enviable reputation* of being the *best* and *most popular* medicine *ever discovered.* It is daily prescribed by physicians, and recommended by many thousands of our best citizens. For sale by Druggists and Merchants everywhere.

☞ Ladies suffering from any disese peculiar to their sex, can be restred to healt'i by using DR. LAWRENCE'S "WOMAN'S FRIEND." It purifies the secretions, and restores the system to a healthy condition. ☜

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,

LATELY MUCH IMPROVED—AND THE NEW

Universal Clothes Wringer

Improved with ROWELL'S PATENT DOUBLE COG WHEELS, and the PATENT STOP, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost twice a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as follows:

"We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position."—*Rev. L. Scott Bishop M. E. Church.*

"It is worth one dollar a week in any family."—*N. Y. Tribune*

"In the laundry of my house there is a perpetual thanksgiving on Mondays for the invention"—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

"Every week has given it a stronger hold upon the affections of the inmates of the laundry."—*N. Y. Observer.*

"I heartily commend it to economists of time, money, and contentment."—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

"Friend Doty—Your last improvement of your Washing Machine is a complete success. I assure you 'our Machine,' after a year's use, is thought more of to-day than ever, and would not be parted with under any circumstances."—*Solon Robinson.*

"Your Washing Machine has been in daily use in our laundry, and the housekeeper expresses herself as highly pleased with it. It certainly accomplishes a greater amount of work, with less labor, and does not wear the clothes near so much as the old fashioned wash-board. By using it, one laundress is dispensed with"—*Wm. M. F. Round, Superintendent of Infant Department of St. Catharine's Nursery, N. Y. City.*

PRICES.—A Fair Offer.

Send the retail price, Washer $14, Extra Wringer $9, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial, according to directions.

No husband, father or brother should *permit* the drudgery of washing with the hands, fifty-two days in the year, when it can be done better, more expeditiously, with less labor, and no injury to the garments, by a Doty Clothes Washer, and a Universal Wringer.

Canvassers with exclusive right of sale make money fast selling them.

Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made.

R. C. BROWNING, Gen. Agent,
32 Cortlandt St, New York.
August 11, 13-2m.

BININGER'S
OLD LONDON DOCK
GIN.

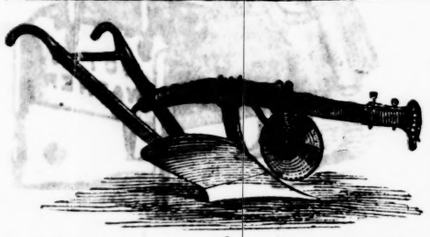
Especially designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, possessing those *intrinsic* medicinal properties which belong to an *Old* and *Pure Gin.*

Indispensable to Females. Good for *Kidney Complaints.* A delicious Tonic. Put up in cases, containing one dozen bottles each, and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c. A. M. BININGER & CO., established 1778. No. 15 Beaver Street, New York. July 24, 1869, 18-6m.

The Kaleidoscope.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1869.

AGRICULTURAL.



THOUGHTFUL INQUIRIES.

How much better is your farm than it was one year ago? How much better are your implements? How much more lovely have you made your home by the planting of trees and shrubs? How much have you added to the value of your property by the planting of orchard trees and the small fruits? How much better is your stock of horses, of sheep, of cattle? How much of error have you discovered in your mode of treatment of the different crops you have grown? How much have you learned from your neighbors, from your agricultural papers, from your experience in relation to your farm operations? How much have you done to aid your wife and daughters in their household duties by furnishing them with improved household utensils and the better location and arrangement of wells, cisterns, walks, wood-piles, cellars, and dairy-rooms? How much of kindness and charity have you execised toward the needy and the helpless? How much better husband, father, brother, man, are you than you were one year ago?—*Prairie Farmer.*

Soap suds is an excellent fertilizer of grass and grape-vines, and should not be wasted. A bit of alum in a tub of soap suds sends the dirt and soap to the bottom and leaves the water fit to use again, if carefully poured off from the sediment, which becomes a concentrated fertilizer almost as good as guano. If a lump of alum as large as the thumb-joint is thrown into four or five gallons of boiling soap suds, the scum runs over and leaves the water clean and soft and useful for washing. We have often, in ancient times, 'settled' a glass of Mississippi water, and made it look as 'clear as a bell' in a few seconds, by tying a bit of alum to a string and twirling it around under the surface of the water in the glass.

WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL.

Cut this out and paste it in your hat and when you need it refer to it.

Wheat, sixty pounds.
Corn shelled, fifty-six pounds.
Rye, fifty-six pounds.
Oats, thirty-two pounds.
Barley, forty-six pounds.
Buckwheat fifty-six pounds.
Irish Potatoes, sixty pounds,
Sweet Potatoes, sixty pounds,
Onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Beans, sixty pounds.
Bran, twenty pounds.
Clover seed, sixty pounds.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Hemp seed, forty-five pounds.
Blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

Wheat has advanced several cents in the bushel, and, consequently flour commands higher prices.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

Faith, Temperance, Charity.

"Trust in God, and do the Right."

"FATHER, COME HOME."

Music has drawn many a heart back from yielding to a temptation it was on the point of doing, and binds the world together in stronger bonds of brotherhood than anything else of a humanizing tendency. But how much more effective when aided by a little dramatic effect. A London correspondent gives an affecting description of the singing of the pathetic ballad of "Father, Come Home," in one of the London theatres, which left but few dry eyes in the house, and must have nerved to stronger resolutions any present who were in the habit of giving way to the weakness of indulging in intoxicating drinks to excess. This correspondent, describing the scene, says that the lady came in front of the curtain, amid great applause, and commenced: "Father, dear father," &c. Every word was distinct, and she sang the ballad with great feeling. In order, however, to describe the scene which followed each verse, it is necessary to give little Mary's song:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one!
You promised, dear father, that you would come home,
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor little Benny sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please, father, dear father, come home."

At the conclusion of the last line, the drop-scene drew up, disclosing the father sitting at the door of a public house, in a drunken, bemuddled state, with pipe and pot before him. Little Mary was trying to drag him from his seat, at the same time pointing to a curtain behind, and she took up the refrain from the lady and touchingly sang, "Come home," &c.

The other curtain was now drawn aside, disclosing a wretched room, with the poor mother sitting on the ground with a sickly-looking baby in her lap, and in the act of feeding him with a spoon. Simultaneously with the drawing of the curtain, the light was brought to bear upon the tableaux giving them a truly startling effect.—After a moment or two, the act-drop came down, and the lady preceded:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two:
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse, mother says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall day,
And this is the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly or he will be gone.
Come home, come home, come home.
Please, father, dear father, come home."

The act-drop rises again, and now the child has hold of the pewter pot, trying to take it from the drunken parent, and as she continues the last two lines, "Come home," &c., the other curtain is drawn aside, and we next see the child stretched out in its mother's lap, and it just raises its little head and falls back with a gasp. With the lime light reflecting strongly upon it, there was a reality about the whole, terrible to view. Sobs were heard from all parts of the hall, coming from the female part of the audience, while tears trickled down many a male cheek. Even the lady who sang the song was affected and could scarcely proceed with the third verse:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three!
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long,
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light!
And these are the very last words that he said
'I want to kiss papa—good night!'
Come home, come home, come home,
Please, father, dear father, come home."

Again the drop rose, and displayed little Mary on her knees appealing to her father, who, with pot elevated, was in the act of striking her with it when she sings, "Come home," and then the back curtain draws aside, showing a mother praying over a child's coffin. But now the sobs break out more freely, and two females are carried out fainting. The scene was most truly harrowing.

An additional verse was sung about "poor Benny" being with the angels above. The drop rose, the father, sober now, is weeping over the coffin with little Mary on his knees, singing, "Home, home, father's come home'!" At this minute the curtain is drawn aside, and little Benny is suspended over the coffin with wings, smiling down on them and pointing upward. The father falls forward upon his face, the act-drop descends, and for a minute all is hushed save the sobs of the audience.—*Household Magazine.*

A citizen of Philadelphia who used a weak solution of carbolic acid as a wash to neutralize the offensive odor arising from a cancer, discovered that the latter was entirely removed by the application. The solution consisted of one-fourth of an ounce of acid diluted in a quart of water.

"MOTHER," said a boy, "is there any harm in breaking egg-shells?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask that question?"

"Because I dropped the basket of eggs just now."

AN Irish gentleman having a small picture room, several persons desired to see it at the same time.

"Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold half of you!"

A DISAPPOINTED author, indulging in a vein of abuse against a successful rival, exclaimed—"He is without exception, the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature that ever made any pretensions to literature." "Gently, my dear sir," interrupted a gentleman, "you have quite forgot *yourself*."

"POMPEY," said a good-natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day, you had been whipped last week."

"Didn't you massa?" replied Pompey, "I know'd it at the time."

MISTAKE.—To suppose a clock strikes with its hands.

General Directory.

TOWN OFFICERS.

J. B. WHITAKER, MAYOR.

COMMISSIONERS,

A. C. Davis, | G. L. Kirby,
W. H. Wilson, | H. L Grant.

Town Clerk.—Geo. D. Green.
Town Treasurer.—W. H. Smith.
Chief of Police.—D. T. Howell.
Assistant of Police.—John B. Baker.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

J. B. Whitaker,
W. B. Thom[redacted]

THOS A. DEANS, Chairman.

Shade Pate, | John Hollowell,
E. G. Copeland, | Green Simmons.

Clerk of Superior Court.—G. J. Robinson.
Sheriff.—Jno C. Rhodes.
Register.—West Holland.
Coroner.—Giles Korneg'y.
Treasurer.—Edmund Coor.
Surveyor.—N. P. Edgerton.

STATE OFFICERS.

Wm. W Holden, of Wake, Governor.
Tod R Caldwell, of Burke, Lt. Gov.
H. J. Menninger, of Craven, Secretary of State.
D. A. Jenkins, of Gaston, Treasurer.
H. Adams, of Davidson, Auditor.
S. S Ashley, of New Hanover, Supt. of Public Instruction.
C. L. Harris, of Rutherford, Supt. of Public Works.
A W. Fisher, of Blaken, Adj't General.

UNITED STATES OFFICERS.

President.—U. S. Grant, of Illinois.
Secretary of State.—Hamilton Fish, of New York.
Secretary of War—Gen. Rawlins, of Illinois.
Secretary of the Treasury—Geo. S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of the Navy—A. E. Borie, of Pennsylvania
Secretary of the Interior—J. D. Cox, of Ohio.
Attorney General.—E. R. Hoar, of Massachusetts.
Postmaster General.—J. A. J. Creswell, of Maryland.
President of the Senate.—Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana.
Speaker of the House.—E. G. Blaine, of Massachusetts.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal—Rectorship vacant.
Presbyterian.—Rev. Mr. McKinnon, Pastor.
Baptist.—Rev. G. W. Sanderlin, Pastor.
Methodist.—Rev. M. C. Thomas, Pastor.
Services every Sabbath, morning and evening, at usual hours.

GOLDSBORO' COUNCIL, NO. 43, F. OF T.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.
J. J. ROBINSON, President.
J. B. WHITAKER JR., Secretary.

WAYNE LODGE, NO. 112, A. Y. M.

Meets the first and third Monday evenings in every month, at 7½ o'clock.
NATHAN ADAMS, W. M.
W. E. DULIN, Secretary.

NEUSE LODGE, NO. 6, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock.
WM F. HILL, N. G.
JESSE M. SCOTT, Secretary.

WAYNE HOOK & LADDER COMPANY, NO. 1.,

Meets the first Wednesday evening in every month, at Truck House.
BENJAMIN E. SMITH, Foreman,
J. A. BONITZ, Secretary.